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A D D R E S S

DELIVERED ON THE

TENTH ANNIVERSARY

OF

"THE MISSIONARY GLEANERS' SOCIETY,"

A T

Y. M. C. A. HALL, MAY 22, 1884,

BY

NEALIE E. DAMON President

HONOLULU
G. THOM, PRINTER
1884.



ADDRESS

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TENTH ANNIVERSARY

— OF —

“THE MISSIONARY GLEANERS’ SOCIETY.”

DEAR FRIENDS OF THE “GLEANERS”:

Before I proceed to the more strictly historical part of this address, let me tell you why we celebrate our tenth anniversary in this public manner, and also ask you to look with leniency upon us as we appear before you this evening, as we are but children in years and understanding in comparison with many of our older and talented friends who have often entertained you.

The 8th of July next ushers in the tenth birthday of “The Missionary Gleaners Society,” and some of us have thought that it would be not only wise and fitting, but a benefit to us and to our friends, as well as to some of the many strangers who are thronging to our shores, if, at this time, we could come before you as a society, and show you who we are, and tell you what we are doing. And, as many of our number are schoolgirls who expect to be away for vacation before the actual ten years are up, we have therefore decided upon this early date for our celebration, as well as for the reason that we may bring it before our annual meeting, which takes place during the first week in June.

So much for reasons and explanations. Now let me proceed with an account of our doings since we first saw the light, July 8, 1874.

I well remember my first impressions upon hearing from one of my schoolmates that on such a day, at such an hour, we were to assemble in Fort Street Vestry to form a missionary society. I was a *young lady*—in years at least—and yet it had never occurred to me, (and I think the feeling was general among us), that we *young* people could help in the missionary work, except by giving our dimes and quarters in Sabbath school, or that we could have a society of our own, corresponding to the “Woman’s Board” or the “Ladies Benevolent Society,” whose precincts not one of us could have been induced to enter—we stood in such awe of those august bodies—and this too, notwithstanding we had all been brought up in a missionary atmosphere, and most of the older girls were professing Christians. I can only explain this by the fact that, in those days, there was not so much done to interest children as in these more enlightened times, nor was there so frequent communications with the outer world as now, which tends so largely to keep us instructed in regard to what our far-away brothers and sisters are doing, which, in turn, helps us to keep awake and busy.

At that time some new missionaries had just come to us, who were waiting to take passage in the “Morning Star” for Ponape, Micronesia—Mr. and Mrs. Logan, Mr. and Mrs. Rand, Mr. and Mrs. Taylor, and with them Mrs. Sturgis, who was returning to the scene of her old labors after a season of rest among home friends. Mr. and Mrs. Rand were only recently married, which fact, of course, caused the young misses of the community to regard them with additional interest. And I think we responded to the invitation to that meeting the more readily that we were much interested in the pretty, girlish bride, who was not much older than many of us, and who, it was said, would meet with us to help us and talk to us.

Mrs. Sturgis too, was to be present; but the prime mover in the affair, was Miss Mattie Chamberlain, who is well known in the islands, and who is doing such a good work in the Kawaiahao Female Seminary. To this good lady we owe our origin.

There were about twenty of us present—but I will read you the minutes of that first meeting, as they will show you in a

~~more~~ ^{or more} clear and concise manner than I can, what we did that afternoon, and what our object was in forming such a society.

"Wednesday, July 8, 1874.—A meeting was called this afternoon, in a very informal manner, of the young ladies and girls of our foreign community, to meet Mrs. Susan Sturgis and Mrs. Carrie Rand, ladies of the Micronesian mission, and consult as to forming an auxilliary to the W. B. M. P. I. Miss M. A. Haven and Miss M. A. Chamberlain assisting in the organization. At 3 p. m. about twenty young girls gathered at the Ladies' Parlor of Fort Street Church, and there, after an introduction to the missionary ladies, commenced operations. Miss Haven stated in a few words the object of coming together, and Miss Chamberlain assisted to set the machinery in motion by suggesting a Nominating Committee, of themselves, who should retire and bring in a ticket of nomination for officers. Miss Cornelia Beckwith, Miss Clara Moseley and Miss Minnie Hobron were suggested as the committee, and, having withdrawn, soon returned with the following ticket, which was unanimously adopted by vote of raised hands :

President, Miss H. F. Coan ; vice-president, Miss M. A. Haven ; rec. secretary, Miss Lucy S. White ; treasurer, Miss Julie Beckwith ; directress of sewing, Miss Hattie Castle. Subsequently the office of corresponding secretary was thought advisable, and the girls unanimously chose Miss Nealie Beckwith to that office.

Various subjects were discussed quite informally. Mrs. Sturgis told them what they could do for Ponape at their meetings, in the way of cutting out and basting clothing for the converts to sew themselves. The proposition met with favor. A slight admission fee of 25 cts. was fixed upon.

Mrs. Rand was adopted as the missionary of the society ; i. e. the one with whom they would correspond and feel a personal interest in. She spoke a few words to them, full of girlish enthusiasm and interest.

After voting to meet again four weeks from that day, at the home of Nealie and Julie Beckwith, the meeting was closed by singing the "The Morning Light is Breaking" and prayer by Mrs. Sturgis."

Wm. Mrs. N. B. Dawson.

Miss Coan, whom we elected for our president, did not feel able to serve, and, at our third meeting, resigned in favor of Miss Hessie Dickson, who accepted, and faithfully filled her position until some three years since, when, much to our dismay, she left us to assume new duties in a home of her own.

Before her departure however, she exerted herself to find us a president, and succeeded in persuading Mrs. E. O. Hall to fill the vacancy.

These minutes which I have read you do not state the fact, that, as we could not readily think of a name (as is often the case with young and promising infants?) the choice of one was left to Mrs. Rand, who, ere her departure a few days after for Ponape, left us that of "Missionary Gleaners," and this has helped to tighten the cords of love which, ever since, have bound us to her.

In passing let me say that the office of corresponding secretary is the only one which has not been changed in all the ten years, except as the holder of it has changed her name; but principally because she has not had the *good* fortune to travel in foreign countries, or the *ill* fortune of being incapacitated by sickness!

Article 1 of our by-laws says, "The object of this society shall be to cultivate a missionary spirit among its members, by united efforts to help those in need, as objects shall from time to time come before the society, and be agreed upon by the society."

During the first few years of our existence, our main object was to aid the missionaries by cutting and basting clothing for the natives—not making them, as they wished to teach them to sew, and thus earn their own clothing. This facilitated matters for the ladies, by saving them the time it generally took for preparing work.

But alas! I fear our first year's work hindered rather than helped. We had been told that the natives were mostly large and stout, and that we must not get the articles too small. Too small! I wish you could have seen them! for surely none but a nation of giants could have worn the huge sacks and voluminous skirt-bands that went down in our first box to Micronesia! There is nothing like experience to teach wisdom.

We also made patchwork quilts—now I hear some one say, “Yes ; of course—there never was a missionary society yet that did not make quilts !” Please, good friends, listen, while I “rise to explain.” Our quilts are only two thicknesses of calico, there being no waddling needed, as it is very warm in Micronesia, and they are sent to Mrs. Rand, who distributes them to the native Christian teachers, whom they educate to send among their fellow-men on some of the surrounding islands, and who are often too poor to supply themselves with any covering whatever. Moreover, patch-work helps to keep the little hands busy at our monthly meetings, which otherwise would be idle and perhaps get into mischief.

We soon gave up our attempts at clothing the heathen, sending down instead pieces of calico, and things needed in the schools, in accordance with suggestions contained in Mrs. Rand’s frequent letters. And the work at the meetings grew to be more in the line of fancy work, the orders for which coming from our friends, and the proceeds helping to fill our money bag.

Aside from the work in Micronesia, we generally added our mite to whatever charitable objects came before us here.

In regard to public entertainments we have appeared before you quite frequently of late years ; but our first effort in that line was in connection with the “Ladies Benevolent Society,” in 1874, when we assisted them by having a table at a fair, at which we realized the sum of \$243, (two hundred and forty-three dollars) which helped to swell their treasury. Again in 1879 we assisted them in the same way.

In May, 1877 we made our real first public appearance in the shape of tableaux in Buffum’s Hall, which old residents will remember as being situated in the midst of what is now Chinatown. It was then about the only suitable place for an entertainment of that kind ; but it was so small, and there was such a crowd to witness our debut, that many went away disappointed in being unable to gain even standing room. Notwithstanding the many disadvantages however, we realized the neat little sum of \$151, (one hundred and fifty-one dollars) \$25 (twenty-five) of which we immediately

donated to the Y. M. C. A. in recognition of the kindly aid given us by some of the members. \$100 (one hundred) of this we put into the bank for a nest-egg, the interest of which has been very helpful to us.

A year and a half after our successful debut, in December, 1876, we made a second venture in the shape of a fair, which was held in the afternoon in the parlors of "Sweet Home," (the residence of the late Dr. Judd) which were kindly loaned us for the occasion by the owner, Miss Nellie Judd, who was at that time our directress. This was quite a unique affair in that it was gotten up by the *wee* ones of the society, and all the fancy articles made by them. I think not one thing was contributed by the older girls, as the little ones took great pride in being able to say it was their sale. We however offered to add to its attractions by furnishing refreshments, and this proposition was thankfully accepted. Such a merry time as we had that afternoon! All the girls who were not "Gleaners" wished they were, and all the boys, papas and mammas, uncles and aunties who *couldn't* be "Gleaners," cheerfully emptied their pockets of dimes for the admission fee, and after paying it and entering the charmed place, were rifled of quarters as well as dimes for cake and coffee, while no one could withstand the mute pleadings of the bright eyes and flushed cheeks of the little ladies who presided at the fancy table, and whose hearts came nigh to bursting with their load of satisfaction, when, at the close of the afternoon, our President announced the sum realized to be about \$56 (fifty-six dollars).

Our next entertainment for the benefit of the society—a fair held in 1880—took place under rather discouraging circumstances, inasmuch as the small-pox was just breaking out, and many doubted the wisdom of holding any large gathering at that time. We were very much perplexed as to what was best to do, and I well remember our President coming to me one morning and quite upsetting my equanimity by declaring that *I* must settle the question? She had been around to several parties to get their opinions, and was all tired out, and thought to settle it by laying her commands upon *me*!

Finally however, the majority ruled, and we held our fair one pleasant afternoon at "Algeroba Place," the residence of the Vice-president—the sum realized, \$130, (one hundred and thirty dollars) being far above our hopes, as many did not think it prudent to attend. This time we added ice-cream to our usual bill of fare, which was a very successful innovation. Refreshments were served on the back veranda, the fancy, flower and candy tables occupying the parlor and dinning-room, while the remainder of the rooms were open for those who wished to retire from the crowd of buyers for rest or conversation.

In December, 1881, we again came before you with a fair; but we had by this time grown older and bolder, so that, in consequence of having been previously so generously treated by that terrible tryrant, The Public, we decided to hold our fair in the ladies' parlors of Fort Street Church, and to charge an admission fee of 25 cts. instead of 10 cts. as formerly. This was also held in the afternoon, and, as usual, was successful, the sum realized being \$214, (two hundred and fourteen dollars). It was at this fair that the largest and handsomest of our dolls was bought by the Gleaners by subscription, and presented at Christmas to the little daughter of the pastor of Fort Street Church, not because we considered her an *object of charity*, but because, although a newcomer among us, she had already won our hearts by her sweet face and pretty ways.

About this time too a discussion arose concerning our beneficiary at the Waialua Female Seminary—which was soon to be disbanded—as to whether we should continue her support in some other school or not. As we found that she was doing well, and was moreover just at the age when these native girls ought to be surrounded by good influences, we decided to continue her support at Kawaiahao Seminary, where she has remained ever since. For this the sum of \$50 (fifty dollars) per annum is required.

In February, 1882 came a letter from Rev. Mr. Doane at Ponape, asking our aid in behalf of a little blind girl whom he has discovered, and he was very anxious she would be taught to read. He wanted us, if possible, to procure one or more text-books for the blind, which we did very readily,

applying to the Principal of the Institute for the deaf and dumb and the blind in Berkeley, California. This gentleman kindly sent us several books as a gift, and we were pleased to learn, on the return of the "Star" last year, that the little girl learned very rapidly, and was exceedingly pleased to find that she could do so.

It has been our custom, ever since the formation of the society, to aid thus in *little* ways, wherever it was possible for us to do so.

When any of the missionaries come up in the "Star," we generally try to discover some of their needs and supply them if possible.

Three years ago, our *own* missionary, Mrs. Rand, reached us on her way to the States in search of health, after having labored in Ponape for seven years. Our meeting was a joyful one, though tempered with sadness, when we learned that, a few days after embarking in the "Star," her little Willie, a babe of two years, left them after a short illness, to be at rest with Jesus. They were enabled to bring his precious remains to Honolulu, which were tenderly laid to rest in the beautiful mission grave-yard at Kawaiahao. In loving remembrance the Gleaners marked the spot with a marble scroll,

Mrs. Rand spent a year at her home in Massachusetts, and in May 1882 returned to us with health much improved, and full of eagerness to renew her labors among the people in Ponape. But ere the "Star" left us, the Gleaners filled a large box with gifts for all those who were to be at Ponape, placing it on board without notifying the Rands, under whose supervision it was to be opened. These gifts came from individual members and not from the society funds, and was therefore all the more pleasant a surprise to them when Christmas came around.

Not more than three or four months after Mrs. Rand had left us, she became in a nearer and dearer sense our *very own* missionary, and now let me go back a little and tell you how such a thing could be possible as she had always seemed like one of us.

Some little time before Mrs. Rand's visit to us, which I have just mentioned, Mrs. Lowell Smith, the able president

of the "Woman's Board" attended one of our meetings, as she often does, in order to be certain of the progress and welfare of their "child"—and in the course of some remarks, sprung upon us this thought—"Why couldnt the Gleaners some day support a missionary?" I say *sprung* it upon us, because such a wild idea had never entered one of our busy brains. But the thought once lodged there would not be removed, and especially from that of our energetic and thoughtful president, Mrs. E. O. Hall, who, after thinking it over and planning the ways and means, one day broached it to the Gleaners, where it met with instant favor.

We had been in the habit every year of sending to each of the white missionaries in Micronesia a box containing little nic-nacs and relishes to the amount of \$5.00 (five dollars) each, and this we decided to give up, as the twenty or thirty dollars thus expended, would help out considerably in the payment of our missionary's salary. There too was our nestegg of one hundred dollars in the bank, to which additions had been made at different times, and which would help for the first year, so we thought we could easily pay a missionary.

We did not need to vote as to who that missionary should be, for our thoughts turned unanimously to the one who christened us, and who, all these years, had written us such bright and interesting letters—Mrs. Rand. So Mr. E. O. Hall, who was then agent for the "American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions," kindly wrote to them, making inquiries as to the feasibility of our plans, and we soon received answer that, as they paid Mr. and Mrs. Rand \$500 (five hundred dollars) a year, they would allow us to pay Mrs. Rand \$200 (two hundred dollars).

It was a glad day for us when we received this notification, and felt in consequence that we had a definite object to work for. In January 1883 our first payment was made.

Aside from this and the \$50 (fifty dollars) per annum for the support of Annie Gleaner at the Kawaiahao Female Seminary, we pay \$2.00 (two dollars) a month for a Hawaiian Bible-reader in Honolulu. These are the definite objects for which we work but we are always ready, as I have mentioned before, to aid in any charitable object which is brought to our notice.

Having a specific sum of money to raise has done us a vast deal of good already, in that it has roused us to new efforts and sacrifices.

Most of the members are school-girls consequently their time is not all their own, and they cannot therefore do as much as they would like to. One of the first things we did, to help raise our yearly fund, was to change our membership fee from 25 cents a year to 50 cents for those over twelve years of age which in addition to our monthly collections, aids our fund wonderfully. Many of our number also have become life-members, for which the fee is \$2 50 (two dollars and fifty cents).

We determined as well to make a new effort in the line of fancy-work for sale, so, ladies, if you wish a particularly handsome toilet set, or a lovely dress for baby, please apply to us, and we promise to give satisfaction in work as well as price. And gentlemen just the loveliest broidered hat-bands you ever saw !

But with all these helps we cannot raise the needful sum without every now and then, a little aid from the public, and this we hope to secure by giving you occasionally pleasant and amusing entertainments, which we trust will be generously patronized.

The first one of these—being the fifth in the annals of the society—took place in April of last year, and was so successful that we felt greatly encouraged for the future. This time too we enlarged still further upon our former practice (beware of *next* time !) in that our admission fee was raised again from that of 25 cents at our last entertainment to 50 cents. But we made this fair and square by giving you a double amount of entertainment—the first part of the evening being devoted to the rendering of a choice musical and literary programme, in the midst of which came the famous fan-drill, which was performed by ten quaint little misses in Kate Greenaway costume.

“After this”—to quote from our recording secretary—“stage and scenery quickly disappeared, tables and waitresses taking their place, serving tea, coffee, ice cream and the usual refreshments. The fancy-table was soon dispoiled of its pretty treasures, and the evening passed quickly and

pleasantly. The words of the managing editor of the Saturday Press seem a fit closing for another of the Gleaners' entertainments. "And the best of it all is, the affair was a financial success."

As indeed it was, the sum realized being something over \$500, (five hundred dollars), which relieved us of the necessity of giving, and you of the *pleasure* of paying for another entertainment for some time to come.

A few days after this, our President, Mrs. E. O. Hall, with her husband, left us to be absent several months in the United States. Soon after her departure, our first President, Mrs. Hessie Dickson Howard, rejoiced all hearts by making us a flying visit. Her stay was all too short; but the Gleaners managed to secure her for one evening, and gave her a reception in the ladies' parlors of Fort Street Church, inviting our parents and friends to join us in welcoming her. It was a most enjoyable evening, and one seldom sees so pretty a sight as those rooms presented that night—the loveliness of its floral decorations being enhanced by the groups of merry girls flitting hither and thither in their pretty white dresses and bright-hued sashes.

We rather pitied Mr. Howard as one after another came up to be introduced to "Miss Hessie's husband"; but he bore the ordeal bravely.

Just before refreshments were served, the girls slyly and quietly closed around their two principal guests, while our Vice-president, Miss Sarah King, gracefully addressed Mrs. Howard in a few cordial words of welcome, offering her at the same time a basket of choice flowers most exquisitely arranged, as a love-gift from the society. This took Mrs. Howard somewhat by surprise; but she was equal to the occasion, and answered in her own loving way, ending by passing to our Treasurer the sum ~~requisite~~ for making two of her daughters life-members of the society.

Cake and ice-cream were then served, the company dispersing at a late hour, and a few days after we bade farewell to Mr. and Mrs. Howard as they left us to return to their home in Illinois.

But a few months after this happy gathering, we received the sad news of the death of Mr. E. O. Hall. Mrs. Hall re-

turned immediately, and at our November meeting sent in a request to resign. This was not accepted, and a committee was appointed to wait on her, asking her to reconsider it. This she promised to do ; but in February, after due consideration, sent in her second and final resignation. It was reluctantly accepted, as she had proven herself so faithful and earnest in the interests of the society.

I was away at the time, and the Gleaners then took a very unfair advantage of that absence by voting *me* to fill the vacancy !

When I learned of this in my return and entered my protest against it--as I did not feel that I had the time to devote to it—I was answered by the question, “What *else* could we do ?” so, without further words, I accepted, until our annual meeting, thinking that I would not place them in such straits again, or subject any other person to the ordeal of being elected to the honorable position *because they could find no one else !*

Next year we hope to secure a lady whom we know we shall all love, and who is ably fitted in every way to be at the head of such a society.

During the ten years of its existence, our society has been a wonderfully prosperous one—for which we ascribe all praise to the dear Master whom we serve—though we have met with many discouragements, not the least of which has been from the fact that, just as sure as the first Saturday in the month comes around—which is the regular day for our meetings—just so sure does some good mother or auntie, forgetting entirely the meeting for that day, plan a picnic for Waikiki or the woods, which always takes away more or less of our members, and naturally their interests in the society and its work flags : whereas, if they could only attend regularly—and their parents make it a point to see that they do, they would thus become intimately connected with what transpires at each meeting, and would not make any complaint of want of interest.

So, dear mothers, aunties and older sisters, and I might say as well, fathers, uncles and big brothers, *please* don't plan picnics, or anything else distracting, for the first Saturday of the month.

For such a society should exert an important influence upon our young people in training them for Christian work—and especially in these busy days, when our minds are so apt to be diverted by other things. And here I would enter a plea, in behalf of the Gleaners, to the *Mothers*. For we have a duty in regard to it as well as our daughters who are members.

It has come to me lately with much force that there is a great deal in *habit*. If we do not teach our children the importance of attending church and Sabbath school while they are under our influence, they are not *likely* to do so after they reach manhood and womanhood. If we do not impress upon them *now* the importance of joining such societies as the "Missionary Gleaners" and the "Y. M. C. A. Boys," and after joining, their *duty* in the matter of *regular* attendance, where will be our future Woman's Boards and Young Men's Christian Associations, as well as our ministers and missionaries? It is all work for the Master, and if we, the heads of our households, take no interest in this work, how can we expect those under our care to do so? Our children should *grow up* in this atmosphere, or how keen will be our disappointment in future years should they evince little or no interest in the cause of Christ!

And now, dear Gleaner's, as we pass this landmark in our history and enter upon a new term of years, may we do so with renewed zeal—and wherever our work in the future shall be, may we, as individual members, *glean* so faithfully for the Master in the world's vast harvest field, that, as was written of one of old, so, when our life-work is done, it may be said of each one of us, "She hath done what she could"

NEALIE B. DAMON,
President

Delivered May 22, 1884.

THE FEAST OF THE FLOWERS.

Once on a time, long long ago,
When flowers could read, write talk and do
All that men in the present day
Are proud to own, think, act and say,
Lord Hollyhock whose royal blood
Coursed through his veins a purple flood,
A grand *commencement* dinner made,
And to it, all the flowers he bade.
'Twas to the graduates 'twas given,
Those who by earnest toil had risen
Above the common class of flowers
And now stepped forth with strengthened powers
From out their college walls, t' impart
Rich gathered lore to each flower heart.

The first and highest honored one,
Was Lord Hollyhock's most noble son,
Then Crown Imperials nephew bold,
Sir Tulip's heir, (high born its told).
The cousin of the Princess Feather,
And Earl Sunflower's gifted brother.
The Rev. Mr. Heartease's sons,
And Bishop Dahlia's prouder ones.
Old Admiral Seaweed's youngest child,
With Pennyroyals cousin wild.
And many more of noble name,
High gifted and of fairest fame.

But Beauty graced the festal board,
And Fragrance all around was poured.
Miss Hollyhock in all her pride,
With Miss Carnation by her side
Received the guests both young and old,
The maidens fair, the heroes bold.

The Rose with deepest blushes dyed
 Came first, with White Rose by her side.
 Ferget-me-not with sweet blue eyes
 Her friend Miss Pansy there esp:es.
 The pure Gardinia, sweet and fair,
 The Heliotrope with modest air,
 With star-eyed Jasmine then came in,
 And joined the gathered throng within.

The shrinking plant *so Sensitive*
 It scarce dares move or breathe or live,
 With fragrant Violet entrance makes,
 And kindly met, fresh courage takes.
 Magnolias pour their fragrance round,
 And sweetness springs from all the ground.
 The Marigold so wondrous proud,
 With gaudy dress and voice so loud,
 Walked in with gorgeous Daffodil,
 And comments made, both good and ill.
 The Lily white with stately mien,
 Adds beauty to the floral scene ;
 Geranium, Myrtle, Daisy sweet,
 With wondrous Stephanotis's meet.

All in the lovely land of flowers,
 Wove grace and worth within their bowers,
 Thus o'er the grand and festal board,
 Was nought but sweetest fragrance poured.

Down to the Banquet Feast they sat,
 Ambrosia, Nectar sweet, all that
 Could tempt the taste of flowers,
 Distilled in evening's dewy showers.
 In fairy cups they drank the health,
 The future honor, glory, wealth,
 Of all for whom this day was famed,
 Nor ceased they until *all* were named.

At last, Lord Hollyhock's proud name,
 So high in virtue, honor, fame,
 In drops of dew was sipped by all
 Who graced the proud old banquet Hall.

To which in substance he replied
 And eyed the gathered throng with pride.
 He was rejoiced, he said, to meet
 Such grace and beauty round his seat.
 None better felt than he, the worth
 Of *all* the advantages of birth.
 But *beauty, uncess fragrance too*
 Was found in every leaf and hue,

Had little worth, would pass aside,
And perish in its foolish pride.
Not simply to *adorn* the earth,
Did God to *Flowers* give their birth,
But for the *benefit* of *man*,
Who from them all, some virtue can
Extract, and thereby bless his race
With healing, *culled* from *every place*.
This healing balm was oftenest found
In *lowly* flowers, which shed around
The sweetest fragrance, and which grew
In silent vales, of softest hue.

Much more he said of caution, praise,
All that could for the flowers raise
Their noblest powers, their richest worth,
And fit them thus to bless the earth.

The hush of twilight came, and all
Departed from the banquet hall.
But thoughts were born, resolves were made,
That wrought such wondrous good, tis said
Their *virtues great* in *every clime*,
Are traced to that *sweet flower time*.

Am. Emma Dillingham.

